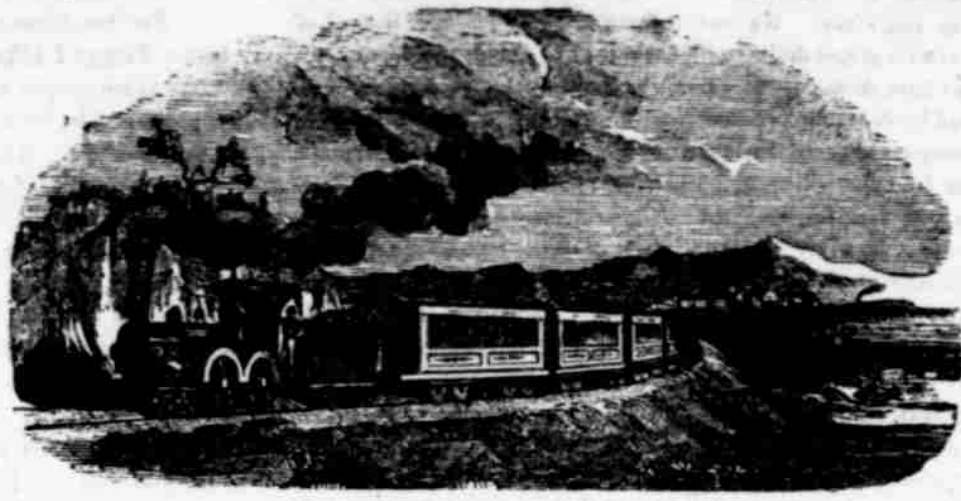


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POETRY.

THE ROYAL GUEST.

They tell me I am shrewd with other men,
With thee I'm slow and difficult of speech;
With others, I may guide the car of talk,
Thou wing'st it off to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair,
And take my newest garments from the shelf;
When thou art hidden, I would clothe my heart
With holiest purpose, as for God himself.

For them, I while the hours with tale or song,
Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme;
But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
Who hast the harmonies of every clime?

Oh friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb,
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
My lip will falter, but my prison'd heart
Springs forth, to measure its faint pulse with thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,
Where simple rustics spread their festive fare,
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, when'er thou com'st to me
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine,
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

Miscellaneous.

Who is the Sufferer.

The mother of the unfortunate and guilty Douglass, who perished on the scaffold in New York city a short time since, has excited a great deal of sympathy in her behalf among all classes. The unhappy woman attended her son through the trial, sitting by his side in the court room, and exerting herself to the utmost to effect his acquittal. Failing in this, no sooner had the sentence of death been passed, than she hastened to Washington to plead with the President for his pardon, and urged her suit with a depth of feeling and persevering importunity it must have caused the Chief Magistrate many a pang to refuse.

Ending that there was no hope of delivery for her boy, she retraced her weary steps to his prison, to minister such consolation as she might offer to the doomed one; her heart meanwhile breaking, and her voice choking with bitter grief, even while she tried to suggest comfort and hope to him. The evening before the execution, she took her final leave of him on earth, and surrendered him to the grim, unfeeling clutch of justice and its minions. What a night must that have been to the poor mother! how like the knell of death fell every stroke of the clock upon her ear! how every tick of the watch seemed to measure the advance of his terrible fate!

The morning came, but scattering no beam of light upon her bosom. Remorselessly marched the hours which she knew were to crush out the young life she had nourished and loved so well. Noon came and she was led into a room of the prison. There was a coffin, and in it a tenant. She approached it, and in an agony of grief fell upon the body, and kissed the unconscious lips exclaiming, "O my boy, my boy!"

When we contemplate this sad history from beginning to end, we are impressed with this thought: It is the mother, not the son, who is the chief sufferer. What are the pains of the gibbeted criminal, compared with the agonies of the poor mother, whose life was bound up with his; whose hopes all centered in him, and whose fondest, most cherished dream had been that he would be the pride and stay of her declining years?

Young men and boys, look at this picture, and think. You may, possibly, be reckless enough to disregard the consequences which a career of sin and folly may entail upon yourselves; but will you, dare you, draw down upon a parent's heart the crushing weight of anguish which your ignominy and punishment must cause? There is no manliness, no spark of gratitude, in that child's heart who does not shrink from evil doing for his parent's sake, though he may dread nothing on his own account.

A HUSBAND'S DEPARTURE. This announced the departure from his bed and board of his dearly beloved. "My wife, Ann Jane, has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her, will get his head broke. As for trusting her, any one can do so who sees fit; for as I never pay my own debts, it is not at all likely that I shall awake o' nights thinking about other people's."

AN EASTERN LOVE LETTER. "Dear—I send a bit the buoy a bucket of flour. They is like mi lov for u. The night shid unenoe kope dark. The dog feni mimes I am ure alive.

Rosie red and possi pail,
Mi lov for u shall never phale.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

FROM "LEAVES IN THE DIARY OF A LAW CLERK."

The reader must not expect any artistic finish, or coloring in such brief transcripts as I can furnish of bygone passages in my clerkly experience. Law writers and romance-writers are very distinct classes of penmen, and I am consequently quite aware that these sketches have no other claim to attention than that they are genuine excerpts—written largely from a journal in which the incidents of a day were faithfully noted down at the time of their occurrence. Their accuracy, therefore, does not depend upon memory, which certainly I do not find to be as virile and tenacious at seventy as it was at seventeen. No one will feel surprised that I should, in my vocation, have turned over several startling leaves in the darker chapters of our social history; and some of these, I have thought may prove even more interesting to a numerous class of minds, when plainly and unpretendingly set forth, than if tricked out in the showy varnish and false jewels of romance and fanciful invention.

On the evening previous to the day, Mr. P.,—suppose, for convenience sake, we call him Mr. Prince, he was one in many respects—on the evening, then, previous to the day, Mr. Prince, a barrister, whose clerk I had been for about three years, intended setting out for the second time, on the Western Circuit, a somewhat unusual circumstance, or rather a couple of circumstances, occurred. I must premise that Mr. Prince had at the previous assize, made a great hit at Salisbury, by a successful objection to an indictment framed under the 30th Geo. 2, which charged a respectable connected young man with stealing a sum of money in bank notes. Mr. Prince, contended that bank notes were not "moneys, wares, goods or merchandise," within the meaning of the statute, an opinion in which the judge, Mr. Baron Thompson, after much argumentation, coincided, and the prisoner was acquitted and discharged. This highly astonished the agricultural mind of Wiltshire; a lawyer who could prove a bank note, then a legal tender, not to be money, was universally admitted to be a match, and something to spare, for any big-wig on the circuit, and a full share of the boroughs was in pretty certain, thenceforth fall to Mr. Prince's share.

And now, to return to the circumstances I was speaking of. I was waiting at chambers in the Temple on the evening in question for Mr. Prince, when who should bustle in but old Dodsley, the attorney of Chancery Lane. Many persons must still remember old Dodsley, for at all events, his powdered pig-tail, gold eye-glass, tasseled Hessian boots, and ever-lasting pepper-and-salt pants. This visit surprised me, for the spruce and consequential antique had not, as yet, I supposed, a sufficient relish of age about us to suit his taste.

"Mr. Prince," he said, "of course goes on the Western Circuit? To be sure, to be sure. Is he retained in the Salisbury case of the King on the prosecution of Gilbert against Somers?"

I knew perfectly well he was not, but of course I replied that I would look, and passed my finger slowly and deliberately down the page of an entry-book. "No he is not," I said on reaching the foot of the leaf.

"Then here is a retainer for the defense," Dodsley placed a one-pound note and a shilling on the table, and as soon as I had made the usual entry, added: "I am acting in this matter for Cotes, of Salisbury, who, as he case is of some importance, will deliver the brief, hand-somely marked I believe, and with a good fee to clerk, at Winchester; good-by!"

A quarter of an hour afterwards, the great Mr. Pendergast, solicitor of Basinghall street ascended the stairs, and presented himself. He had a brief in his hand, marked "Fifty Guineas." This I saw at a glance: indeed, of all the characters on the back of a brief, the figures—the fee—by some magnetic attraction or influence, invariably caught my eye first.

"Mr. Prince proceeds on the Western Circuit?"

"Certainly."

"And is not I conclude, retained in the Crown case against Somers for larceny?"

"The deuce! well, this odd!" I exclaimed, "Mr. Dodsley left a retainer for the defense not above ten minutes ago."

"You don't say so!" rejoined Mr. Pendergast, peevishly; "dear me, dear me; how unfortunate! The prosecutor is anxious above all things to secure Mr. Prince's services, and now—dear me!"

"This is a kind of business not at all in our line; nor indeed in that of the respectable Devises firm who have taken the unusual course of sending the brief to London, although relating to the simple matter of larceny; dear me, how unfortunate! and the fee you see is heavy."

"Surprisingly so indeed! The prosecutor must be wonderfully anxious to secure a conviction," I replied with as

much nonchalance as I could assume, confidently vexed as I was. It was not at all likely, for all old Dodsley had hinted, that the brief in defence of a prisoner committed for larceny would be marked at a tenth of five guineas; however, there was no help for it; and after emitting one or two additional dear me's! away went Mr. Pendergast with brief, fifty guineas, and no doubt proportionately handsome clerk's fee in his pocket. I was terribly put out, much more so than Mr. Prince, when he came in and heard what had happened; although fifty guineas were fifty guineas with him at that time.

"I have seen something of the case in question in the newspapers; it has curious features. The prisoner is a young female of great personal attractions, it seems. We must console ourselves, it is something to be the chosen champion of beauty in distress."

To which remark I perceive the word 'Fudge' in large capitals, appended in my diary. 'Humbug' would have been more forcible, but that expressive word had not been imported into the English vocabulary, or it would, I doubt not, have been used.

Mr. Prince of course traveled by post chaise with a learned brother, and I reached Winchester by coach, just as the sheriff's trumpets proclaimed the arrival of my lords the judges in that ancient city. Our Wiltshire fame had not yet reached Winchester, and although the criminal business of the assize was heavy, very few cases were confided to Mr. Prince. Cotes arrived on the second day, with the brief in the Salisbury case, marked, I was astonished to find, 'Twenty Guineas,' and the old fellow behaved, moreover, very well to me. Mr. Prince was in Court, and I had full leisure to run over the matter, and a very strange, out-of-the-way, perplexing business, as set forth in Mr. Cotes's instructions to Counsel, it appeared to be. Divested of surplusage, of which the brief contained an abundant quantity, the affair stood about thus:

Mr. Hurdley, a wealthy person, who had resided many years at Hurdley Villa (then so called, but now I hear, bearing another appellation, and not very distant, by the by, from Howood, the Marquis of Lansdowne's country seat), had died three or four months previously, intestate, and Hurdley Villa was now inhabited by a Mrs. Gilbert, the deceased's sister-in-law, and her son, Charles Gilbert, the heir-at-law, but who yet wanted some ten months of his majority. The day before his death Mr. Hurdley despatched James Dakin, an aged and confidential servant, to bring home one Emily Somers from Brighton, where he, Mr. Hurdley, had placed her some fourteen years previously in a first-rate school. He told the mistress of the establishment, a Mrs. Ryland, that the child, then about five years old, was the orphan daughter of a distant relative, a statement discredited as she grew up by the evidence of her features, described as presenting a beautiful and feminine but still surprisingly accurate reflex of those of Mr. Hurdley. This remarkable resemblance not only gave birth to calumnious rumors, but appeared to greatly impress Mr. Hurdley himself, at the last moment of his life, and he had with the young girl since he consigned her to Mrs. Ryland's care. This was about six months before he died, and on his return home, gave Mr. Cotes directions to prepare a new will, by which he bequeathed twenty thousand pounds to Emily Somers, and divided the residue, about double that amount, amongst his nephews, Charles Gilbert, and other more distant relatives. This will was drawn out and duly executed, but was subsequently destroyed under the following circumstances:

The instant Mrs. Gilbert heard of the serious illness of her wealthy brother-in-law, she hastened with her son to Hurdley Villa, and immediately set to work, mentioning the dying gentleman's last will, and the bequest of the twenty thousand pounds. Wounded out at length, it seemed, by Mrs. Gilbert's importunities; he yielded the point, and the will was burnt in the presence of Cotes, the attorney, a medical gentleman of Devises, Mrs. Gilbert, and the housekeeper, a Mrs. James. "You persist, Charlotte," said Mr. Hurdley, feebly addressing his sister-in-law, "that Emily Somers ought not to inherit under this will! I do, indeed, my dear Robert; you may be sure she will be sufficiently provided for without the necessity of your bequeathing her such an enormous sum as twenty thousand pounds." "Are the two letters I gave you sent to the post?" asked Mr. Hurdley of the housekeeper. The woman hesitated a moment, and then said, "Oh yes, certainly, some time since."

A strange case!—something like mockery or malice, or the whimsy of the dying man, as he said, suggested the attorney. Then I authorized and required you, sir, to burn that, my last and only existing testament!" This was done, and everybody except the medical gentleman left the room. Mrs. Gilbert vanished instantly, her wish was ac-

complished, following sharply upon the heels of the housekeeper.

Mr. Hurdley died on the following day. He was already speechless, though still conscious, when Dakin returned from Brighton with Emily Somers, upon whom his fast-diminishing eyes rested whilst yet a ray of light remained, with an intense expression of anxiety and tenderness. The wealth, I may here state, of which Mr. Hurdley died possessed, was almost entirely personal. Hurdley Villa and grounds being, indeed, the only reality, and was lodged in British securities. It was the intention, Mr. Cotes believed, of Mrs. Gilbert and her son, the instant the latter came of age and could legally do so, to dispose of those securities, and invest the produce in land; that time was, however, not yet arrived.

Matters went on smoothly enough at Hurdley Villa for some after Mr. Hurdley's death; Mr. Gilbert was exceedingly civil and kind to Emily Somers—her son, from the first, something more; and it was soon apparent that he was becoming deeply attached to the gentle and graceful girl bequeathed to his mother's and his own generous care by her deceased protector. These advances, evidently at first encouraged by Mrs. Gilbert, were by no means favorably received, why, will presently appear, whereupon that lady worked herself into a violent rage, both with her son's folly and the intolerable airs and presumption of Emily Somers, and had forthwith notice to quit Hurdley Villa, accompanied by an intimation that an annuity of fifty pounds a year would be settled on her. This scandalous injustice roused the spirits of the young girl, acquainted as she was with the burning of the will, and a violent altercation ensued between her and Mrs. Gilbert, in the course of which something was said or hinted that excited Mrs. Gilbert to downright frenzy, and she vowed the insolent, audacious mix should not sleep another night in the house. This scene occurred just after breakfast, and a chaise was ordered to be in readiness by two o'clock to convey Emily Somers to Devises. About half past twelve Mrs. Gilbert went out for an airing in the carriage, and was gone about an hour; her passion had by this time cooled down, and the servants told, from the irresolute, half-regretful expression of her countenance, that a conciliatory word from Miss Somers would have procured her permission to remain. That word was not spoken, and Mrs. Gilbert, with a stiff bow to the young lady, who was already equipped for departure, sailed grandly away to her dressing-room. In about ten minutes a terrible hurly-burly rang through the house: Mrs. Gilbert's diamond necklace and cross was declared to be missing from her jewel-case, and a hurried search in all possible and impossible places was immediately commenced.

Miss Somers, distressed as she said by the noise and confusion, intimated that she should walk on and meet the chaise which could not be far distant; and "as Mrs. Gilbert," she added with bitter emphasis, "insists that every trunk in the house shall be searched, I will send for mine to-morrow." So saying she left the apartment, and, a minute afterwards, the house. The post chaise was not far off, and she had reached it, and seated herself, when a footman came running up with a request from Mrs. Gilbert that she would return immediately. Miss Somers declined doing so, and ordered the postilion to drive on. Seeing this, the footman, a powerful fellow, caught hold of the horses' heads, exclaiming, as he did so, "that it was a matter of robbery, and the young lady should return."

The chaise was accordingly turned round, and the now terrified girl was in a manner forcibly taken back to the Hurdley Villa. There it was proposed to search her. She vehemently protested against being subjected to such an indignity, but Mrs. Gilbert, peremptorily insisting that she should, and a constable having been actually sent for, she, at length, reluctantly submitted. The search was fruitless, and Mrs. Gilbert, taking up the young lady's muff—it was the month of January, which was lying in a chair, tossed it contemptuously toward her, with an intimation that she might now go.

The muff fell short and fell on the floor. A slight sound was heard, "Ha! what's that?" exclaimed Mrs. Gilbert. Quickly the muff was seized, felt, turned inside out, ripped, and the missing diamond necklace and cross were found carefully enveloped and concealed in the lining! Miss Somers fainted, and had only partially recovered when she found herself again in the chaise, and this time accompanied by a constable, who was conveying her to prison. The unfortunate young lady was ultimately committed for trial on the charge of stealing the jewels.

Miss Somers' refusal to entertain the suit of Charles Gilbert, and the large fee marked on the brief in defence, were explained by the fact that Lieut. Horace Wyndham, of the artillery service, serving in Ireland, had when at Brighton, contracted an engagement with Emily Somers, fully sanctioned, Cotes believed, by the late Mr. Hurdley. This young officer had remitted a

considerable sum to the attorney, with directions that no expense should be spared; and further, stating that he had applied for leave of absence, and should, the instant it was granted, hasten to Wiltshire.

This was the tangled web of circumstances which it was hoped the ingenuity of counsel might unravel, but how, Mr. Cotes, a well meaning, plodding individual, but scarcely as bright as the North star, did not profess to understand Mr. Prince took great interest in the matter, and he speedily came to the conclusion that it was highly desirable Miss Somers should be directly communicated with.

He sketched the bar of course precluded Mr. Prince from himself visiting a prisoner, but I, though it was rather out of my line of service, might do so by permission of Mr. Cotes. This was readily accorded, and the next day I had the attorney set off for Salisbury.

We had an interview with Miss Somers early on the following morning. All my clerkish bounce was thoroughly taken out of me by the appearance and demeanor of the young lady. There was a dignified serenity of grief imprinted on her pale countenance, a proud yet tempered scorn of the accusation and the accuser in her calm accents, so different from the half-swaggering, half-whining tone and manner I had been accustomed to in persons so situated, that my conviction of her perfect innocence was instantaneous and complete. She however, threw no light upon the originating motive of the persecution to which she was exposed, till, after refreshing my memory by a glance at the not a Mr. Prince, had written for my guidance, I asked her what it was she had said on the occasion of her quarrel with Mrs. Gilbert that had so exasperated her lady? "I merely ventured," she replied, "to hazard a hint suggested by expression used by Mr. Hurdley in a letter to—to a gentleman I have reason to believe Mr. Cotes will see to-day, or to-morrow, to the effect that I might after all prove to be the rightful heiress of the wealth so covetously grasped. It was a rash and foolish remark," she added, sadly, her momentarily crimsoned cheeks and sparkling eyes fading again to paleness and anxiety, "for which there was no tangible foundation, although Mrs. Gilbert must, it seems, have feared there might be."

This very partial lifting of the veil which concealed the secret promptings of the determined and rancorous prosecution directed against our interesting client, rendered me buoyantly hopeful of the result, and so I told Cotes on leaving the prison. He, however, remained like old Chancellor Eldon, permanently 'doubtful,' and moreover, stared like a conjuror, which he was not, when after again consulting Mr. Prince's memoranda, I said he must let me have two subpoenas for service on Mrs. James and Mr. Dakin at Hurdley Villa.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed: "what will be the use of calling them?"

"I don't know; at a great deal of use it may be; but at all events the subpoenas will give me an excuse for seeing them both, and that I must do as early as possible."

He made no further objection, and by eleven the next day I was at the hall door of Hurdley Villa, blandly requesting to speak with Mrs. James. I have always piqued myself upon not having the slightest odor of law or parchment about me, and I was only gratified, therefore, not to be surprised—ahem!—at overhearing the servant who answered the door assure Mrs. James that the person inquiring for her was quite her gentleman.

This was quite her gentleman. This was, however, only a fair return for the compliment I had paid the damsel's blooming cheeks. I was immediately ushered into the housekeeper's room, where, as soon as the door was closed, I handed the astounded woman a strip of parchment and a shilling. She hopped back as if suddenly confronted by a serpent.

"A subpoena, Mrs. James," I said, "commanding you in the name of Our Sovereign Lord, the King, to attend and give evidence on the trial of Emily Somers."

"I give evidence," she replied much flurried; "I know nothing of the matter; I wash my hands of the whole business."

"That will require, my dear lady, a very pro use and judicious use of soap and water, or the damned spots will not out, as the lady says in the play."

"O don't bother me about the lady in the play," she retorted angrily. "I can give no evidence I tell you, either for or against the prisoner. I did not accuse her of stealing the necklace!"

"That I am sure, you did not. You are, I know, too just and sensible a person to do anything at once so wicked and foolish, but you must tell the judge how it was the two letters—ha! you begin to perceive do you, that more is known than you imagined."

"Letters—what letters?" she muttered with pale lips.

The words which had so startled her, had been suggested by a surmise of Prince, and a remark which dropped from Miss Somers, implying that Lieut. Wyndham had been expecting a promised explanation.

tion from Hurdley, when the news reached him of that gentleman's death. The woman's tremor convinced me that I had struck the right trail, and I determined to follow it up boldly.

"I will tell you," I replied, "but first, and for your own sake, ascertain that we are entirely alone." She looked into the passage, reclosed the door, and said with fast-increasing agitation, "Quite, quite alone; what can you mean?"

"This is the two letters entrusted to you by Hurdley, the day before his death, you had neglected to forward as you ought to have done."

"I meant no harm," she huskily gasped; "as I live and breathe I meant no harm."

"I believe you; and it was after the will was burned that Mrs. Gilbert, who followed you out of the sick room, obtained possession of them."

She did not answer in words, and it was not necessary that she should; her scared looks did that sufficiently.

"Do you remember either of the addresses of the letters, or shall I refresh your memory?" I continued. "Was not the first syllable of one of the name Lieut. Wyndham?"

"Ha!"

"Now don't make a noise, there's a good woman. To whom was the second letter addressed? Answer that question, or you will be in custody before ten minutes have passed; answer it truly, and you will not be in the slightest degree molested—come out with it."

"The Reverend Mr. Ridgeway, Yeovil, Somerset."

"Very good. And do you know any thing about this Ridgeway, whether he was related to, or in any way connected with the late Hurdley?"

"As I hope for mercy I do not."

"Very well; now pay attention to what I am about to say. Mrs. Gilbert must not be made acquainted with what has passed between us."

"O no, certainly not; on no account whatever," she quickly replied. She strictly forbade me to mention the circumstance."

"No doubt; as she is sure, however, to hear that I have been here, you had better admit that I have served you with a subpoena. Good day," I added, taking her hand which was cold as ice, and remembering—STILLNESS, or it will go ill with you."

"Come, George, I mentally exclaimed on emerging with exultant step from Hurdley Villa, "Come, George, my name is George—you are getting along in first rate style, my boy; and as there is nobody I wish half so well as I do you, I am heartily rejoiced at it. Old Dakin is at Devises, it seems, well. I don't think it's worth while waiting about to see him, so I'll 'c'en off back again at once."

The news I brought, which, well managed, would in all probability lead to important results, put quite a varnish upon old Cotes's mahogany phiz, and it was needed, for Lieutenant Wyndham, who had arrived at Salisbury shortly after I left, had kept him in a state of terrible anxiety and harassment from the first moment he entered the office. He was a fine dashing young fellow, by Cotes's account, sudden and fiery as a rocket, and at first seriously proposed to send a bullet through young Gilbert's head, as the only fitting answer to the atrociously absurd accusation against Miss Somers.

Convinced at last that ball practice, however sharp and well-directed, would avail little against a 'true bill' for felony, he bounded off to procure permission to visit the imprisoned lady. This could not be for a moment granted, and, added Cotes, "he had been tearing in and out of the office for the last hour and half like a furious maniac, threatening to write to the Home Secretary, say, the Prince Regent himself, I believe, and utterly smash every gaoler, sheriff, and magistrate in the county of Wilt; O, here he is again!"

The youthful soldier was certainly much excited and exasperated, but I found no difficulty in so far calming him that he listened with eager attention and interest to what I had to relate. "I can not do better," he exclaimed the instant I had ceased speaking, "than start immediately for Yeovil, and ascertain what the Reverend Mr. Ridgeway knows of Emily Somers or Hurdley." We agreed that it was highly desirable he should do so, and in less than ten minutes he was off in a post chaise from the "Antelope" for Yeovil.

The next Saturday, as I and Cotes were busy, about noon, drawing a fresh brief for counsel, a horseman, followed by a mounted groom, alighted in front of the attorney's house, and presently a small clerk threw open the office door and announced Mr. Gilbert.

The appearance of this young gentleman was somewhat prepossessing, albeit he appeared to be suffering from illness of body or mind, perhaps both; and there was a changing flush on his brow, a quick restlessness in his eyes, and a facile tremor, as it were, in his whole aspect and manner which read by the light of what

we knew and suspected, had a deep significance.

"You are the attorney for the defence, I understand," he hesitatingly began, in the unfortunate affair of the diamond necklace?"

"I am," replied the attorney, "and what then?"

"Your clerk has served a subpoena upon the housekeeper of Mrs. Gilbert, and what may that mean?"

"A silly question, sir—you will pardon me for saying; we lawyers are not generally in the habit of making confidants of those opposed to us."

There was a silence for some time; Mr. Gilbert crossed his legs, tapped the toe of his boot with his riding whip, and passed his right hand fingers several times thro' the thick brown locks that fell over his forehead, his irresolute, wavering glances all the while shifting from Cotes face to mine and back again.

"Would it not be better," he at length said, "that this unhappy business were accommodated? There is a means, one," he added, flushing intensely scarlet, "whereby that desirable result may be accomplished. I must be frank with you, for I can not otherwise communicate with the—prisoner; it is this, if Miss Somers will accept my hand, the prosecution is at an end."

Cotes was about to speak, but I pinched him with such sudden force that he sprang to his feet instead, and the first attempt word broke into a shriek of pain. "Is this proposition made with lady Gilbert's consent?" I hastily interposed.

"Yes, certainly; yes."

Lady Gilbert consent, does she, that her son shall wed a fortuneless girl accused of the disgraceful crime of theft, her character unimpaired her—

"Stay sir, a moment. I speak of course in confidence. If my proposal be accepted, I will say that I placed the necklace in the muff in jest, or as a present."

"Do you say, Mr. Gilbert," I exclaimed, "that it was you, and your mother that placed the jewels in the lining of the muff?"

"Ha! ha! That shaft, I saw found the joint in his armor. He started fiercely to his feet. 'What do you mean by that, fellow?'"

"Precisely what I said, sir. Mr. Cotes, I added, 'you can have nothing more to say to this person.'

"Certainly not," snapped out the attorney, who was limping about the room, and rubbing one particular part of his left thigh with savage energy.

The young gentleman finding that his cancellatory mission had missed fire, began to bully, but that failing also, he went his way, muttering and threatening as he went. And I soon afterward departed, after very humbly apologizing to Cotes for the extreme liberty I had taken with his still very painful leg.

On Monday the day the commission was opened at Salisbury, Lieut. Wyndham brought us the Reverend Mr. Ridgeway. What he had to say was this: "Hurdley had married privately, for fear of his father's displeasure, Emily Ridgeway, the Reverend gentleman's sister, at Bridgewater. The marriage was a most unhappy one; a causeless, morbid jealousy possessed the husband to such an extent, that he believed, or affected to believe, that the child, a girl, baptized Emily, in giving birth to whom her mother died, was not his; but this child, so Hurdley wrote to the Rev. Mr. Ridgeway, died at the age of four years."

The reader is now quite as wise as the wisest in the consultation held at Mr. Cotes's on the Tuesday morning, when it was known that the grand jury had returned a 'true bill' against Emily Somers. The announcement that our case would probably be called on almost immediately, broke up the council, and away we all departed for the court. Mr. Prince, of course, who was in costume, walked up Catherine street with the gravity and decorum which so well become the law, I and the lieutenant walked faster.

"A queer fish," said the anxious and irate artillery officer, "that master of yours; he listened to everybody, it is true, but said nothing himself, nor did anything for that matter, except rub his nose and forehead now and then."

"Never mind; wait till it is cue to speak. I have no fear, unless, indeed, luck should run very contrary."

The small inconvenient court was crowded to excess. Mr. Justice Cockburn, president, and the Earl of Pembroke, with, if I mistake not, the present Earl Radnor, then Lord Folkestone, were on the bench. Immediately a trifling case was disposed, Emily Somers was brought in and arraigned. A murmur of sympathy and sorrow ran through the crowd at the sad spectacle, in such a position, of one so young, so fair, so gentle, so beloved—ay, so beloved, as depicted in Lieut. Wyndham's countenance when the prisoner was placed in the dock; it was a speechless agony, and so violent that I and the Reverend Mr. Ridgeway caught hold of its arms and endeavored to force him out of the court. He resisted desperately, a deep sob at last gave vent to the strug-